Æſop *in Maſquerade:*

OR, SOME

STATE-LESSONS

For Certain

COURTIERS,

In a few Select FABLES in Verſe.

Written by a Perſon of Quality,
under the following Heads:

FAB. I. The Introduction.
FAB. II. The *Conſequences* of a *Standing* Army.
FAB. III. A certain Knight's Caſe.
FAB. IV. The Non-Juror.
FAB. V. Jack of Both Sides.
FAB. VI. Trade and *Empire* inconſiſtent.
FAB. VII. The Subjects Caſe.
FAB. VIII. A Trick worth Two.
FAB. IX. The *Revolution.*
FAB. X. The *Republican.*
FAB. XI. The Effect of Naturalizing Acts.
FAB. XII. A Word to the Wiſe.
FAB. XIII. *Tom Bradbury* the Non-Con to a Hair.
FAB. XIV. The Whig's Pocket Looking-Glaſs.
FAB. XV. Never a Barrel the better Herring.
FAB. XVI. Sauce for a *Gooſe* Sauce for a *Gander.*

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ÆSOP *in Masquerade*:

OR,

Some *STATE-LESSONS* for certain Courtiers.

FAB. I.

The INTRODUCTION.

A Drolling sort of Fellow made
A Party-colour'd Coat,
Fit for the *Merry-Andrew* Trade,
Or Fools of greater Note.

And, amongſt other Goods he ſold,
He hung it out for Sale;
Which being to ſome Neighbours told,
They threaten'd him with Goal:

And ſtorm'd and ſwore moſt bloodily,
They'd ſwinge the Raskal off,
And teach ſuch ſcoundrel Rogues as he,
At Citizens to ſcoff.

Believe it, cry'd the Saleſman, I
Am mightily in the Wrong,
Knowing ſuch Chaps to live ſo nigh,
To let it hang ſo long.

I made the Coat, 'tis very true,
All Fools to ridicule;
But if 'tis own'd by One of you,
'Tis He that *makes* the *Fool*.

FAB. II.

The Consequences *of a* Standing *Army.*

A Fierce wild *Boar* of monstrous Size (and Force,
Did once in early days affront a Horse;
Who meditating Vengeance, found his Will
To hurt much greater than his Power and (Skill;
And therefore chaf'd, and resolute he ran
To the next House, and thus apply'd to *Man.*
I come, superior Power, whom *Jove* hath made
His Substitute on Earth, to seek thine Aid,
Against a sordid Brute that injures me,
And likewise speaks contemptibly of thee.
Jove, whom thou nam'st (said *Man*) was to (thee kind,
And sent thee where thou shalt Assistance find.

But

But this injurious *Boar* will never meet
Our Arms upon the Plain, but truſts his Feet.
But ſhall his Feet then his Protection be,
Since Swiftneſs is the Gift of *Jove* to thee?
(Mark it, my Friend, this Inſolence
Deprives us of our common Senſe)
This, doubtleſs, he forgot, ſo will not we,
You for Convenience will a while ſubmit
To be directed with a Bridle and Bitt,
And take me on your Back till we ſhall ſee
This your outragious Enemy.

Up, ſaid the *Horſe* then, let us never reſt
Till we have found this curſed Beaſt.
Away then to the Woods they flew,
The *Horſe* his Haunts and Coverts knew,
And there his Foe the dext'rous Warrior ſlew.

This

This done, they jocund homewards make,
And thus the *Horſe* the *Man* beſpake.

Now, *Sir*, accept my Thanks for what is paſt,
I to my wonted Fields and Friends muſt haſte.
Hold, quoth the *Man*, we part not quite ſo ſoon;
Your Buſineſs is, but *mine* is not yet done.
Some Service there remains due to the Aid
I lent you, which muſt be repaid.
This ſaid, he light, and tied him to a Rack,
Where the poor Creature thus with Sorrow ſpake.

Slight was the Injury of the *Boar*,
And might perhaps have been no more:
But now I'm utterly undone,
My *Eaſe* and *Liberty* are gone.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Sweet is Revenge *juſt in the Taſte,*
But ſurely Bitterneſs at laſt.
Let other Creatures warning take,
What Bargains they in Paſſion make.
Let Nations alſo take good Care,
That they with many Hardſhips bear,
Rather than ſeek Redreſs abroad,
Which is but adding to their Load.

FAB.

FAB. III.

A certain Knight's Caſe.

THE *Lyon* having held the Reins,
By ill Adviſers led,
The *Beaſts* perceiv'd his want of Brains,
And took his Crown to ſave his Pains,
And plac'd it on the *Tyger's* Head.

Made *King* of *Brutes*, he wiſely ſaw
His Predeceſſor's Faults;
And kept his Enemies in Awe,
As he lov'd *Juſtice*, and the *Law*,
Tho' ſome had other Thoughts.

And theſe were willing to be blind
When Truth was juſt appearing.
Their Prince was of the Lyon's *kind*;

A *Whelp for* Government *deſign'd*,
And more not worth the Hearing.

The pious Monarch, though he knew
His Right beyond diſpute,
Could not but be concern'd to view,
How faſt the fooliſh Humour grew,
Amongſt the ſilly Brutes.

And ſigh'd and ſtudied to reclaim,
A People loſt to Senſe.
But they ſtood reſolute to their Shame,
And cry'd up the Young Lyon's Fame,
As if their Lawful Prince.

When up there ſtep'd unto the Throne,
An Ape of Viſage furious;
And cry'd, "My Liege here's Ten to One,
"The Lyon has no living Son,
"I'll prove his Birth is ſpurious.

Hold, ſaid the Sovereign Beaſt, thou ſot,
And ſtrait withdraw thy Phiz:
Should ſuch a Raſcal ſay he's not
Legitimate, and true begot?
The World will think he *is*.

MORAL.

Thus for the Tellers *ſake the* Tale *we ſlight,*
And Ridpath's *only* read *what* Ridpath's *write.*

FAB. IV.

The Nonjuror.

CRy'd a jolly fat Parſon that could not (Subſcribe
Like the reſt of the Turn-coat Levitical Tribe;
If I muſt be turn'd out, and my Living ſe- (queſtred,
For the ſake of my Conſcience, that elſe would (be *feſter'd*:
Woe beſide the *Subſcribers* their *Children* and (*Wives*,
This Action ſhall coſt 'em Five hundred Folks (Lives.

An Informer ſtood by, and took hold of the (Sentence,
Reſolving to bring him to ſtool of Repentance,
And immediately dragg'd him to Court to (reveal
What he meant by his *Threatning* the good (*Common-weal*.

Old

Old *Oliver* ask'd him, in the *Name of the Lord*,
To ſpeak the whole *Truth* to the Saints at the
(*Board*.
When he bluntly replied in an unconcern'd
(Strain,
My Lords, *I've a Wife and a Child to maintain*,
And if I am not ſuffer'd to Preach and get Bread
By that way of Life which I've hitherto led,
To be plain with your Lordſhips, *I muſt e'en com-*
(*mence* Quack,
To provide 'em ſome Victuals, *and* Cloaths *to*
(*their Back*.
Since I with your Covenants *and* Oaths *am per-*
(*plex'd*,
And a PILL *can do Ten times more harm* than
(a *TEXT*.

MORAL.

Could Engliſh *Counſellors adviſe*
Their Kings *for* England's *good*;

And

And moſt impartially wiſe
Their Fellow-Subjects Welfare Prize,
As good Adviſers ſhould.

They had giv'n Counſel to diſpenſe
With *Levi*'s ſacred Race;
And ſince to SWEAR, was in their Senſe,
To give Religion Offence,
Let each have kept his Place.

Then had they only Preach'd *and* Pray'd,
And Pariſh Buſineſs done;
Not taken to another Trade,
And Libell'd Governments for Bread,
To overturn the Throne.

FAB. V.

Jack of Both Sides.

WHEN *Anthony* againſt *Cæſar* roſe,
And *Romans* were the *Roman* Foes,
A certain Tradeſman to provide
For his own ſelf, if either Side
Should get the Better, and aſſume
The Empire of the World and *Rome*,
Two *Parrots* taught to ſtretch their Throats
To different Senſe, and different Notes.
Long live Antonius, this would cry;
This, *Let* Auguſtus *never die*.
Till *Cæſar*'s Arms Victorious grown,
Confirm'd and fix'd him in the Throne,
As the Sage Man of Art enjoy'd
That by one Bird which t'other had deſtroy'd.

MORAL.

MORAL.

How many Peers *have done the ſame*
As this poor Man has done.
And though he ſtood by James *his Claim,*
For William's *ſent his Son:*
Wiſely to ſave *what both might* loſe,
If both ſhould take one Side;
And ſo their Conſciences abuſe,
To gratify their Pride.
But what is Conſcience, *when* Eſtate
And Titles *lie a Breeding?*
Should either Prince have had the better Fate,
Safe had they been by this Proceeding.

FAB.

FAB. VI.

Trade and Empire *inconſiſtent.*

As *Cæſar* ſtood upon the Strand,
To take the Morning Air,
He ſaw a Ship make towards Land,
All beautiful and fair.

Her Bulk and Statelineſs of Frame,
Soon made his Majeſty
Ask, whence the lovely Veſſel came,
That thus adorn'd the Sea?

Anſwer was made, his Queen alone,
Was Miſtreſs of her Lading:
That Ship and Cargoe was her own
On the Account of Trading.

The King could not his Anger hide,
Or juſt Reſentment Maſque;
But homewards went, and took his Bride
After this way to Task.

'Prithee, my Dear, obſerve and ſee
'The Poorneſs of my State;
'And to what infamous Degree
'I'm brought from Regal Height.

'I thought my ſelf a Sovereign King
'Once, o'er the World obey'd;
'But now I find, I'm no ſuch thing,
'But a *Muck-worm* of *Trade*.

'For Shame let Royal Blood diſdain
'A Calling that's ſo mean,

That

' That I once more o're *Rome* may Reign,
' And you be ſtil'd a *Queen.*

MORAL.

To ſee a Royal Name *ſet down*
Amidſt Subſcriber's *Books,*
Does no great Honour to a Crown;
But derogates from its Renown,
And like Stock-jobbing *looks.*

For Kings *are of a* Stamp Divine,
And God's *own Image* bear;
Nor ſhould they with their Subjects join,
In Tricking, Shuffling, and Deſign;
Their Rights ſhould never interfere.

Let then a certain Prince purſue
The Tracks of Cæſar's *Fame,*
And be contented with his due,
Without a Venture to Peru,
Or Three *per Cent* at *Amſterdam.*

FAB.

FAB. VII.

The Subjects Caſe.

TWO fierce Young *Bulls* within the Mar-
(ſhes ſtrove
For the Reward of Empire and of Love,
Which ſhould the faireſt Heifer gain,
And which govern all the Plain.

This when a *Frog* hard-by perceiv'd,
He ſigh'd, and ſob'd, and ſorely griev'd:
He hung his Head, and made great Moan,
As though h' had loſt his Wife or Son.

At which a Neighbour *Frog* admir'd,
And kindly of the *Cauſe* inquir'd;
Which when he knew he ſaid in haſte,
And *Goſſip* is this all at laſt?

If

If this, and that great Logger-headed *Bull*
Will try the Thickneſs of each other's Scull;
E'en let them do as fit they ſee,
But what is that to you and me?

If that, replied the other, were all, indeed,
We ſhould about this Matter be agreed.
I ſhould not care a ſingle Groat
To ſee them tear each others Throat.

But, *Friend*, the Creatures of ſuch Might,
Can never meet in Field to Fight,
But in the Fury of their full Career,
Both you, and I endanger'd are;
And all our kindred Tribes below,
In hazard of their Lives muſt go.
When *Bulls* ruſh on, or when retreat for Breath,
They'll tread a Hundred of us little Folks to (Death.

MORAL.

MORAL.

If Kings *would fight* themſelves *alone*,
Their People *ſtill ſecure*,
No mortal Man would part them ſure,
But let them e'en fight on.

But, when the Subjects Blood *is ſpilt*,
And their Eſtates *are drain'd*,
To juſtify a Prince his Guilt,
Or have his Vanity *maintain'd*;

When they muſt Pay *for all at laſt*,
That Luſt, Ambition, *or* Revenge *lay waſte*;
The pooreſt Man alive may fear
And pray againſt the Miſeries of War.

FAB.

FAB. VIII.

A Trick worth Two.

WAS ever ſuch a damn'd ill-natur'd Puſs,
To ſerve her very Landlord thus?
Said *Roger* by a *Nettle* ſtung:
I neither with my Fingers preſs'd her,
Or did her any Wrong.
But touch'd her *gently*, for which here's a *Bliſter*.

Aye, Maſter, cry'd the neighb'ring Graſs,
Theſe things will always come to paſs,
Believe the Place you tread on.
Nettle's Returns are always ſuch
When they're us'd *gently* and are *much*
(Which makes them be preſumptuous) made
(on.

But

But take this for a Truth from me,
Squeeze but the Baggage heartily,
And ſomewhat *roughly* treat her,
She'll be as innocent a *Weed*,
As any other of the Breed,
And loſe her *Sting*, though ſhe can't loſe her (*Nature*.

MORAL.

Laws *will effect what* Doctrines *cannot do*,
Make Villains honeſt, and make Rebels true.
Diſſenters *the* Church-Liturgy *will uſe all*,
When once Fin'd handſomely for their *Refuſal.*
And we may ask our Betters, Where the Harm is
To make Men go to Heaven *Vi & Armis?*

D FAB.

FAB. IX.

The Revolution.

THE *Pidgeons* worried by a *Kite*,
Beſought a *Vulture*'s Aid,
And to be freed from further Fright,
Him their *Protector* made:

The *Bird* of *Prey* was glad at Heart,
And gave the *Fools* his Word,
He'd act a very *faithful* Part,
And be a *careful* Bird.

When he of's Place was ſcarce poſſeſs'd
But greedy to devour,
He fix'd his Claws and made a Feaſt
Of thoſe that gave him Power.

Defend

Defend us *Jove*, a *Pidgeon* cry'd,
And *Venus* ſave thy *Doves*;
Who for our *Safety* ſhould provide,
Our *Perſecutor* proves.

Fools as we are, the *Kite* deſtroy'd
But *few* at ſeveral times;
This *always* eats, and *never* cloy'd,
Still riot's in his Crimes.

By my Conſent, let's e'en invite
That *Enemy* to befriend us;
There is ſome Reaſon in the Kite;
This inſtantly will end us.

One of the *Vulture's* Graſps will do
More Harm and Execution,
Than any *Kite* with Ten times Two;
I'm for another *REVOLUTION*.

MORAL.

So said the Poles *in King* Augustus's *Days*
Before he was compell'd to leave the Throne,
And quit the Purple and the Crown,
' Can Flesh and Blood bear with this haughty (Prince!
' Would any People that has common Sense
' Not look about for Means and Ways,
' Their Antient Grandeur and their Fame (to raise?

When Means *and* Ways *at last were pitch'd upon;*
And they call'd in the Swede
To help them in the time of Need.
The Swede *their Towns with conqu'ring Troops (oe'r-run,*
And they who fear'd their Foes, *were by their (Friends undone.*

FAB.

FAB. X.

The Republican.

A Country Fellow took a *Daw*
A pillaging his Wheat,
And, tho' 'twas hanging by the Law,
Tyed only one of's Feet :

And gave him to a little Child,
Who, with a deal of Joy,
Made much of him, and laugh'd and ſmil'd
At ſuch a pleaſing Toy.

But yet the Bird was mighty dull
To think himſelf confin'd ;
And though he had his Belly full,
Was not content in Mind.

Where-

Wherefore, he from his *Keeper* ſlip'd,
And, longing to be free,
To an adjacent Thicket skipp'd,
And *kaw'd* out Liberty.

When 'twas not long before the String
He had upon his Foot
Entangled him, and made him ſing
Another kind of Note.

And ready to give up the Ghoſt,
For want of uſual Food,
He own'd that he himſelf had loſt,
Not knowing what was good.

' Fool as I am, I was *preſerv'd*
' When kept from being *free*,
' *He cry'd*, but now alas! am *ſtarv'd*,
' And with my *Life* have purchas'd *Liberty!*

MORAL.

MORAL.

Down, down with Kings, *our* Common-wealth's
(Men *cry*,
The Name's infectious *grown*;
Nor let the Rays of Majesty
Be darken'd by the Throne.

When should the Powers they pray to grant
The Mischiefs they implore,
The Nation would experience the Want,
And *Starve* that *Pinch'd* before.

FAB.

FAB. XI.

The Effect of Naturalizing Acts.

A *Snake* which us'd in Privacy to dwell,
Confin'd to a poor narrow Cell,
Would needs an Inmate have,
And pinch'd by a cold Winter's Froſts,
A *Hedge-hog* that he meet accoſts,
And offers him a Lodging in his Cave.
But when the new invited Gueſt
Had into his Apartment preſs'd,
It was ſo very cloſe,
The *Snake* cry'd out, 'Twill never do,
This Room's not big enough for Two,
Your Prickles hinder my Repoſe:

So

So that you muſt of conſequence
Prepare for your Departure hence,
As Matters now appear;
Wherefore take warning and provide
Some other Quarters where you may Reſide,
I ſhall be ſqueez'd to Death if you live (here.

Then, ſays the *Hedge-hog*, he that cannot ſtay
May e'en *Troop off*, and go his way:
For my part I approve
This pretty little Tenement;
And if you're not content,
You're free when you think fitting to re- (move.

MORAL.

Nations from hence may Cautions take
Leſt they ſhould imitate the Snake,
By introducing Foreign Gueſts,
And harb'ring Strangers *in their Breaſts:*
Leſt that they make his Caſe their own,
And in vain wiſh they'd liv'd alone,
Without inviting, to their Coſts,
Hedge-hogs *to Diſpoſſeſs their Hoſts.*
And thou, Great Britain, *who from Dangers free,*
Triumph'ſt at Land, and rul'ſt at Sea,
Whoſe Standards through the World diſplay'd,
Spread themſelves out for Injur'd Kingdom's Aid,
Doat not too much on Alien *Spies,*
Nor truſt them if thou'rt truly wiſe;

Leſt

Leſt London *like thy* Spittle-Fields *ſhould ſhow,*
And Weſtminſter *be crouded like* Soho ;
Leſt it, which Heav'ns forbid, be brought about,
That a Strange Language joſtle Engliſh *out.*

FAB. XII.

A Word to the Wiſe.

A *Fox* was out upon the pilf'ring Lay
According to the Methods of his kind,
In queſt of his beloved Prey:
But high or low could nothing find.

At laſt, as Luck would hav't, he ſpy'd
A *Cock* upon a Tree at Rooſt,
With all his Hens on either ſide,
And thus did *Chanticleer* accoſt.

How now, my Friend, what make you there?
Your buſineſs on the *Terra firma* lies;
Cocks are not Tenants of the *Air*,
Nor out of their own Elements ſhould riſe.

But

But you perhaps may be a Stranger
To the late *General Peace*,
That puts all living Creatures out of Danger,
And makes all Enmities to ceaſe.

Not a Soul henceforth dares aſſault
Another Beaſt or Bird,
But is an Outlaw for the Fault,
Upon a *Fox* his word.

The bleſſed'ſt News that e'er was brought,
The ſubtle *Cock* reply'd;
And at the ſame time ſtretching out his Throat
Look as if ſomething far off he deſcry'd;

Which made Sir *Reynard* preſently
Ask him, at what he peer'd?
For he took Notice with obſerving Eye,
And ſtood upon his Guard.

Nothing,

Nothing, ſaid t'other, but ſome *Hounds*
Are making all the haſte
That's poſſible, croſs yonder Grounds,
As if they had not broke their Faſt.

Hounds! ſay you? Are they out a Roguing?
Why then, quoth *Reynard*, I'll be gone;
'Tis high Time for me to be jogging,
They've ſmell'd me out 'tis Ten to One.

No, no, ſays crafty *Chanticleer*,
Let no vain Fears enſlave you;
But keep your Footing where you are,
The *General Peace* will ſave you.

Aye, quoth the *Fox*, and ſo it will;
But I ſhould find but an indifferent Station,
And have my Coat pink'd for it ſtill,
Should the *Dogs* not have heard the *Proclamation*.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Out with your Purse once more State Foxes *cry,*
And give fresh Millions for a New Supply,
Then Days auspicious shall upon you shine,
Whilst every Man shall drink beneath his Vine,
And under his own Fig-tree's Covert dine.
Then Trade and Mother-Church shall flourish,
Then Nursing-Fathers shall it nourish.
Then all things smiling shall appear,
And Holidays be throughout the Year.
These are fine Words they to us put;
But a Fox *loves to fill his Gut,*
And nothing else does truly drive at,
But to delude the Publick *for the* Private.

FAB.

FAB. XIII.

Tom Bradbury *the Non-Con, to a Hair.*

A Thoughtleſs *Aſs*, as e're was ſeen
In Meadow, Field, or Stable,
Deſir'd to learn an Air and Mien,
From *Spaniel* that was ſleek and clean,
And frisk'd about his Maſter's Table.

His Parts he thought as bright as were
The beſt of the Creation,
And Intellects enough to ſpare,
With Education to compare
With any Dog's in the Nation.

He ſaw the *Spaniel* bound and leap
When e're his Lord appear'd,

And

And Compliment him with a Skip,
And lick his Hands, and lick his Lip,
And as he ſaw it leer'd.

Thought Animal both wiſe and ſage,
If this be your Salute,
I'll do the ſame I dare engage,
And any moderate Wager wage
I'm as well bred a Brute.

And took a time when looſe and freed,
He ſaw his Maſter come,
To ſhew that *Shock* could not exceed
The Manners of his Country breed,
With all his Tricks at Home.

And up he rais'd his lazy Feet,
And lick'd him o're and o're;

Glad that th' Occaſion he could meet,
To ſhew how dext'rous he could Greet,
And do what *Shock* had done before.

When to his Slaves his Maſter cry'd,
Dick, *Tom*, and *Harry* come,
Help me to thraſh this Raſcal's Hide,
That now to Murther me has try'd:
Let Flogging be his Doom.

Woe's me, ſaid Aſs of ſober Face,
I ſee my vain *Deſign*;
The *Dog*'s is quite another Caſe,
He does the Duties of his Place;
But *his* are none of *mine*.

MORAL.

MORAL.

If Obſervations *wiſe Men make*
To ſeek the Kingdom's Good,
And buſied for their Country's ſake,
Write down what wiſe Men ſhou'd;
Muſt trifling Fellows interpoſe,
And Pen their Pulpit Nonſenſe down,
To ſhew themſelves the Conſtitution's *Foes,*
And Enemies to the Crown?
Your Bradburys *are the* Aſſes *here,*
And ought to ſtand the Flog
While your Sacheverels *make appear*
The Story of the Dog.

FAB. XIV.

The Whigs *Pocket Looking-Glaſs.*

A Knot of Fellows out upon the Pad
Took ev'ry Penny that a Traveller had,
And having ſearch'd him o're and o're,
To ſee if he had any more,
One of the Gang, a moſt baſe harden'd Rogue,
Cry'd, Damn you, Sirrah, for a Dog,
You have more Money yet;
Deliver or you ſhall be ſoundly beat.
Lord, Brother, ſaid his Comrade ſtrait,
Why do you talk at this Unchriſtian rate?
Cannot you treat the Gentleman as we,
And take his Money civilly,

With-

Without this horrid Execration,
And calling Names unworthy of your Sta-
(tion?

As they were marching off the Ground,
To ſee what other Purchaſe might be found,
Pray Gentlemen, the Trav'ler ſays,
My Houſe ſo many Miles off lies,
And I have many a weary ſtep to jog it,
Without one Farthing in my Pocket.
You ſeem to be Men, by your Favour,
Of a Compaſſionate Behaviour;
Wherefore I hope you'll be ſo kind,
To leave ſo much of what you took behind,
As may my Charges on the Road defray,
And ſpeed me forward in my Way.

Yes, yes, the Lord forbid elſe, they cry'd;
At which one of the Bags was open'd wide,
And he was bid to take what e're he pleas'd.

He

He took 'em at their Word, and ſeiz'd
Of Silver and of Gold,
As much as his Right Hand could hold.
How now? ſaid he that ſpoke ſo rough before,
You *griping* Son of a confounded Whore.
Have you no *Conſcience?* Can't you be
As *Eaſy*, and as *Moderate* as *we?*

MORAL.

MORAL.

So 'twas when Rebels had pull'd down
The Mitre, Scepter, *and the* Crown,
By way of Moderation:
Thieves of Commiſſioners of Safety,
Of all Things ye were worth bereft ye,
And moſt demurely *talk'd of* Sequeſtra-
(tion.

They took your Money civilly,
And parting cry'd, The Lord be wi' ye:
Without opprobious Names,
Well knowing that a Curſe *or Two,*
Would nothing for their Purpoſe do,
But ſpoil their After-Games.

Becauſe

Becauſe it was enough to kill,
To covet, backbite, whore, *and* ſteal,
And make bold with the ſecond *Fable*;
Not through the Decalogue *to burſt,*
And to break in upon the Firſt,
By Curſing like the Villain *in the Fable.*

FAB.

FABLE XV.

Never a Barrel the better Herring.

A Wretched Churl was trav'lling with his (Aſs,
Beneath two Panniers Load oppreſt,
And hearing Noiſe behind, cry'd to the (Beaſt,
Fly, my Friend *Roger*, fly apace,
Elſe I'm undone, and all my Market's (naught;
And thou thy ſelf wilt by the Rogues be (caught.

Caught! quoth the Beaſt, what if I be?
What will it ſignify to me?
My Panniers are ſo full, they'll hold no more;
I carry *Two*, and I cannot carry *Four*.
'Twixt *Rogues* and *you*, I can no difference make;
They are *all* Rogues to me, that *break* my *Back*.

MORAL.

Fly, fly from Popery, *ſome Folks cry,*
And Slavery's *curſed Yoke,*
Whilſt with their Antient Liberty
Their very Backs are broke.
Popery's *a* Thief, *but never can do more*
Than keep the Panniers *on, they had before.*

FAB.

FAB. XVI.

Sauce for a Goose *no Sauce for a* Gander.

A *Miller* once too cunning for a *Rat*,
Surpriz'd the Rogue amongſt his Meal;
And there was this Law brought, and that,
For bad the Courſe the Felon had been at,
To ſhew him 'twas a heinous Crime to ſteal.

This comes of *Thieving*, ſtrait ſays he,
And a *lewd* Life and Converſation:
Vengeace o're takes ſad Folks, you ſee,
Amidſt their very Roguery,
And Practice of Abomination.

Alas! Sir, cries the *Rat*, I make
No manner of a Trade on't;
But the poor Pittance which I take,
Is only for Life's Preſervation ſake,
That's all I ever made on't.

Thus the poor *Priſoner*, in his own Defence,
On one hand, Hunger pleaded,
As on the other, *Conſcience*
Was urg'd and *Puniſhment*, the Fence
To keep off ſuch as in this way proceeded.

Should *Knaves* be ſuffer'd to ſurvive,
The *Judge* ſays, and upon the Laws to trample,
There's not an *honeſt Man* alive
Could in this wicked World thrive;
Therefore you muſt be *worried* for Example.

Well

Well then, cry'd *Culprit*, once for all,
If for my ſake there's nothing to be done,
Conſider, that as I for Mercy call;
So you may into the ſame Danger fall,
And that my Caſe is nothing but *your own.*

We're both of us *Corn-Merchants*, it is plain,
And of the ſame Fraternity;
Nay, and what's more, I dare maintain,
You take a *Thouſand*, for a *ſingle* Grain
That's ever ta'en by me.

How? cry'd the *Miller*, all enrag'd at that,
Are theſe fit Words for *honeſt Men to bear?*
But who'll believe a Lyar of a *Rat?*
So call'd the Executioner, his *Cat*,
And bid him do what we call JUSTICE
(here.

MORAL.

MORAL.

Great Thieves *may pillage where they pleaſe,*
And invade other's Properties,
In ſpight of MAGNA CHARTA:
May do as an Uſurper *did,*
That o're the Nation's Freedoms *rid,*
And call'd it Magna Farta;
It's your poor Devil goes to Pot,
That is not Rich *or* High-born;
Jack Catch *ſoon marks him for his own;*
He for his Poverty *is ſhewn.*
The ready way to Tyburn.

F I N I S.

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